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With these he became acquainted, but—

In spite of his extended knowledge of other masters, Velazquez still remained constant in his preference of the common and the actual to the elevated and ideal, partly from the bent of his taste, and partly because he thought that in that direction there remained greater room for distinction.

After a long and laborious course of study, Velazquez became the son-in-law of his master. "At the end of five years of education and teaching," says Pacheco, "I married him to my daughter (Doña Juana), moved thereto by his virtue, honor, and excellent qualities, and the hopefulness of his great natural genius." The violence of Herrera had driven him from the school of an able master; perhaps the soft influence of Pacheco's daughter kept him a willing scholar in a studio, inferior in the artistic instruction that it afforded to others which he might have chosen, that of Roelas, for example, or that of Juan de Castillo. As in the case of Ribalta, love may have, in some sort, helped to make him a painter, by spurring his industry, and teaching him the great lesson of self-reliance. Little is known of the woman of his choice, beyond the fact of her marriage. Her portrait, in the Queen of Spain's gallery, painted by her husband, represents her as dark of complexion, with a good profile, but not remarkable for beauty of feature. From the family picture in the Imperial gallery, at Vienna, in which they are seen surrounded by their offspring, she appears to have borne him at least six children, four boys and two girls. Of their domestic life, with its joys and sorrows, nothing has been recorded; but there is no reason to believe that Juana Pacheco proved herself in any respect unworthy of the affections of her father's ablest scholar. For nearly forty years the companion of his brilliant career, she closed his dying eyes, and within a few days was laid beside him in the grave.

If the artistic instructions of Pacheco were of little value to Velazquez, he must at least have benefited by his residence in a house, which was, as regards its society, the best academy of taste which Seville afforded. * * Much of his leisure time was devoted to reading; a taste which the well-chosen library of Pacheco enabled him to indulge. Books on Art and on kindred subjects were especially acceptable to him. For the proportions and anatomy of the human frame he studied, says Palomino, the writings of Albert Durer and Vesalius; for physiognomy and perspective, those of Giovanni Battista Porta and Daniel Barbaro; he made himself master of Euclid's geometry and Moya's treatise on arithmetic; and he learned something of architecture from Vitruvius and Vignola; from these various authors, gathering, like a bee, knowledge for his own use and for the advantage of posterity.

After having learned all that Seville could teach him of his profession, Velazquez went to Madrid and remained there some months, after which he returned to Seville. While at Madrid he made a friend at court, who succeeded in interesting the minister Olivares in his behalf. The result was a command to repair again to the capital. On his arrival, he painted a portrait, which, being seen and admired by King Philip IV., the fortune of Velazquez was made. He became painter in ordinary to the king, with the usual salaries, pensions, and offices, such as monarchs have it in their power to bestow. He accompanied the king upon royal journeys—and travelled abroad to purchase works of Art for the royal collection. At home and in foreign countries he enjoyed the society of

contemporary artists—of Rubens while in Spain, and in Italy that of Domenichino, Guercino, Guido, Albani, Poussin, Claude and Bernini.

"Velazquez, at this time, lived for nearly a year at Rome. He went thither to study the great masters, and he appears to have studied them diligently; but, like Rubens, he copied their works and noted their style—and adhered to his own. The oak had shot up with too vigorous a growth to be trained in a new direction."

Velazquez, with all the advantages belonging to his position near the king of Spain, reaped some of its disadvantages. "As Aposentador, it was his business to find lodging for the king and court" upon state journeys, and upon special ceremonial occasions away from Madrid—when it was necessary to put up temporary buildings, to superintend their erection. Such were his duties upon the journey of the king and court to conduct the Infanta Maria Teresa, lately betrothed to Louis XIV., to the confines of Spain and France, there to meet the ambassadors of that monarch, who came to convey her to Paris. Think of an artist providing accommodations for "the infanta, followed by three thousand five hundred mules, eighty-two horses, and seventy coaches, and seventy baggage wagons. The baggage of the royal bride alone would have served for a small army. Her dresses were packed in twelve large trunks, covered with crimson velvet, and mounted with silver: twenty morocco trunks contained her linen; and fifty mules were laden with her toilette, perfume, and plate!" It is said that these official fatigues shortened the life of Velazquez. He died on the 31st July, 1660, in the 61st year of his age.

The records of the life of Velazquez are more ample than those of any other artist of Spain. The facts which illustrate his character as a man are worthy of the works which display his genius as an artist. The brief notices of Pacheco indicate the affectionate regard in which he was held by his nearest kindred. He was no less esteemed in the wider circle of the court; his death caused as much sorrow as a court is capable of feeling; and he was kindly remembered by the master whom he had so ably served.

No mean jealousy ever influenced his conduct to his brother artists; he could afford not only to acknowledge the merits, but to forgive the malice of his rivals. His character was of that rare and happy kind, in which high intellectual power is combined with indomitable strength of will, and a winning sweetness of temper, and which seldom fails to raise the possessor above his fellow men, making his life a

laurelled victory, and smooth success
Be strewn before his feet.

He was the friend of Rubens, the most generous, and of Ribera, the most jealous, of the brethren of his craft; and he was the friend and protector of Cano and Murillo, who, next to himself, were the greatest painters of Spain.

The example and personal influence of Velazquez doubtless tended very greatly to the preservation of that harmony which prevailed amongst the artists of Madrid in this reign, and which presents so pleasing a contrast to the savage discord in the schools of Rome and Naples, where men contended with their rivals, not merely with the pencil, but with the cudgel, the dagger, and the drug. The favorite of Philip IV., in fact, his minister for artistic affairs, he filled this position with a

purity and a disinterestedness very uncommon in the councils of state; he was the wise and munificent distributor, and not, as too many men would have been, the greedy monopolist, of royal bounties; and to befriend an artist less fortunate than himself, was one of the last acts of his amiable and glorious life.

No artist of the seventeenth century equalled Velazquez in variety of power. He tried all subjects, and he succeeded in all:—

The landscapes, alone, of Velazquez, are sufficient to give him a high rank amongst painters. "Titian," says Sir David Wilkie, "seems his model, but he has also the breadth and picturesque effect for which Claude and Salvator Rosa are remarkable." His pictures are "too abstract for much detail or imitation, but they have the very same sun we see, and the air we breathe, the very soul and spirit of Nature." His studies of the scenery at Aranjuez are amongst the most agreeable views of groves and gardens ever committed to canvas.

Velazquez, it must be owned, rarely attempted the loftiest flights. Of his few religious subjects, some are purposely treated as scenes of everyday life; as for example, "Joseph's coat," the "Adoration of the Shepherds," and that still earlier work, the powerful "St. John Baptist."

He is also said to have painted the national dances of Spain, a fine but neglected subject; six small studies of that kind being attributed to him, which once adorned the palace of Madrid. No artist ever followed nature with more Catholic fidelity; his cavaliers are as natural as his boors; he neither refined the vulgar, nor vulgarized the refined. "In painting an intelligent portrait," remarks Wilkie, "he is nearly unrivalled." "His portraits," says another excellent English critic, "baffle description and praise; he drew the minds of men; they live, breathe, and are ready to walk out of their frames." Such pictures as these are real history.

This volume contains a fine description of the character of Philip IV., besides short notices of various artists, and a detailed description of the works of Velazquez, to which we must refer the reader.

DUNCAN'S "PRINCE CHARLIE" PICTURES.

It is not often that we have an opportunity to see pictures of more honest and manly purpose, than the two pictures by Duncan to which we alluded in a paragraph last week. The true spirit of historical painting, is the desire to represent those facts and events which the artist is conversant with, and which he desires to leave a permanent record of. It has something of antiquarian feeling in it, but not retrospective antiquarianism—rather that which anticipates the labors of the antiquary of times to come, and justly judges the things of its own day, as of the same importance to the future, that the things of the past are to the present.

Therefore, the true historical painter is not he who goes back to what other men have told of their own times, but he who tells of his own times something—if it be only a trifle—which others, coming after, shall know to be reliable. There is a distinction to be made, even in this class, between those who take a broad philosophi-

cal view of events, and find a meaning in them which shall instruct after ages, and those who regard events simply as facts, and so record them. The law holds with both that they represent nothing *justly* which is not contemporary with them, so that no tradition or oblivion shall intervene to obscure their view of the deeds they celebrate; but, with the former, is found a perception of the likeness in all human acts, and a recognition of some general principles, which assert an influence the same in all ages, and which, therefore, make his work true in all time, though the particular facts might have been of times past. This is the history of man, not of men; and we are always interested in it, as we are in Shakspeare, whether the incident be a fact or a fable.

But, the latter is a painter of deeds and individual acts, and so must never venture on that which he does not know—if not from personal knowledge, at least from reliable and direct information. If he paints men and their actions, the least we can demand of him is, that he should give us the faces and garbs of the men themselves as they lived and moved. Duncan's pictures fall in this latter class; and, if not conforming to the above conditions entirely, are still valuable as giving all of the actual truth of their incidents which the interval of the time had left. The subjects being such as awakened, by patriotic association, all the pride and national feeling in the artist, they would naturally call out his fullest efforts—and, being so near to his own time, tradition has scarcely corrupted the history which he illustrates.

They represent the entry of Prince Charlie into the City of Edinburgh, and his concealment after Culloden's disastrous flight. The former gives a view of the Canongate as it is, and, we believe it is unchanged since 1745, with Charles Edward heading the procession, accompanied by his fellow-soldiers. We copy from the printed description:—

The Prince occupies the centre of the picture; accompanied, on his right, by the Duke of Perth, and chief of Clanranald, and on the left by Lord George Murray, before whom, and armed with a Lochabar axe and target, is the Miller of Invernahyle, who is said to have given Colonel Gardiner his death-blow. Near him, and in the act of saluting the Prince, stands Lochiel, the unfortunate chief of the Clan Cameron. Further to the left, and surrounded by a group of ladies, is the Marquis of Tullibardine, who is described as a cavalier of the old stamp, and partaking, in some respects, of the character of the Baron of Bradwardine.

The two pipers who are striving who shall blow the loudest tempest of the national music, terminate this group. On the right of the Prince is a figure bearing a target, and arrayed in the trews, a dress only worn by the Dhunniewassals, or gentlemen of the Highlands; he is meant to represent the young Clanranald, and leads a portion of his clan, which formed the Prince's body-guard. Near Clanranald are his kinsmen, the two brothers of Kinloch—Moidart and Hugh Stewart, an old Highlander of the Black Watch. In the foreground is one of Sir John Cope's captured field-pieces, over which leans Hamish McGregor, son of the celebrated outlaw Rob Roy. He is keeping watch over part of the spoil of the action. Beside him is a Highland Bard, or sennachie, several drinking Jacobite lairds, and a crowd of citizens. The outside stair is occupied by a group principally

adverse to the Stuarts. The figure with the buff belt is the gifted Gilfillan, mentioned in "Waverley," and behind him are a few of his followers. Two or three steps lower are McLaurin, the celebrated mathematician, and young Home, the poet; both energetic opponents of Prince Charles.

The procession is represented as moving down the Canongate towards Holyrood Palace. The building on the right, with projecting clock-house, is the Canongate Jail; further up the street is the Netherbow Port, or eastern gateway of the city; beyond is the Tron church steeple, and higher in the extreme distance a part of the Castle of Edinburgh.

The introduction of the group on the stairs is a fine thought, illustrating at once the character of the Prince's opponents, and the comparative refinement of the times when the enemies of a victorious cause were permitted to look on its rejoicings without fear of molestation even.

The costumes are of course perfectly reliable, and the likenesses, mainly so, we believe, and even where actual portraiture has failed, we have studies of persons supposed to resemble in character or personal appearance, the individuals represented.

This gives a *value* to the picture, which no technical deficiencies can ever destroy. In technical respects it is not so fine as the other, which represents the Prince sleeping in a cave, attended by Flora Macdonald and several Highlanders. Without so much opportunity for the display of historical or antiquarian knowledge, this picture contains more of the artist and his technical ability. It is broad and simple in its composition, and light and shade, and the effect of the fire-light is in some parts admirably given. The shadows on the roof of the cave have a weird look, and the glimmer of day seen through the mouth of the cave is very effective. The expression of the heads is fine, and the management of the whole simple and dignified, and the drawing is much finer than in the complicated procession scene.

Taken together, the pictures are much the most interesting specimens of British Art which we have seen here lately, and deserve general attention. They can scarcely be studied to advantage by the gas-light, however, and consequently lose much of their impressiveness. We should much like to have them seen in a good sky-light.

BUT, true taste is for ever growing, learning, reading, worshipping, laying its hand upon its mouth, because it is astonished; casting its shoes from off its feet, because it finds all ground holy; lamenting over itself and resting itself by the way that it fits things. And it finds whereof to feed, and whereby to grow, in all things; and, therefore, the complaint so often made by young artists, that they have not within their reach materials, or subjects enough for their fancy, is utterly groundless, and the sign only of their own blindness and inefficiency; for there is that to be seen in every street and lane of every city, that to be felt and found in every human heart and countenance, that to be loved in every roadside weed and moss grown wall, which, in the hands of faithful men, may convey emotions of glory and sublimity continual and exalted.

Therefore, the task of the painter in his pursuit of ideal form, is to attain accurate knowledge, so far as may be in his power, of the character, habits, and peculiar virtues and du-

ties of every species of being; down even to the stones, for there is an ideality of stones according to their kind, an ideality of granite, and slate and marble; and it is in the utmost and most exalted exhibition of such individual character, order, and use, that all ideality of Art consists. The more cautious he is in assigning the right species of moss to its favorite trunk, and the right kind of weed to its necessary stone, in marking the definite and characteristic leaf, blossom, seed, fracture, color, and inward anomaly of everything, the more truly ideal his work becomes. All confusion of species, all careless rendering of character, all unnatural and arbitrary association, is vulgar and unideal in proportion to its degree.—*Modern Painters.*

THE right ideal is to be reached, we have asserted, only by the banishment of the immediate signs of sin upon the countenance and body. How, therefore, are the signs of sin to be known and separated?

No intellectual operation is here of any avail. There is not any reasoning by which the evidences of depravity are to be traced in movements of muscle or forms of feature; there is not any knowledge, nor experience, nor diligence of comparison that can be of avail. Here, as throughout the operation of the theoretic faculty, the perception is altogether moral, an instinctive love and clinging to the lines of light. Nothing but love can read the letters, nothing but sympathy catch the sound, there is no pure passion that can be understood or painted, except by pureness of heart; the foul or blunt feeling will see itself in everything, and set down blasphemies.

For the right determination of these two questions is, indeed, the whole end and aim of my labor (and, if it could be here accomplished, I should bestow no effort further), namely, the proving that no supreme power of Art can be attained by impious men; and that the neglect of Art, as an interpreter of divine things, has been of evil consequence to the Christian world.—*Modern Painters.*

A STUDIO IN PARIS.—Artist life in Paris is a strange mixture of sense and folly, study and play; boasting but little of the old-fashioned, severe labor; you find in an artist's studio such a combination of smoking and painting, of fiddling, fighting and fencing, that it is difficult to discover the life-purpose from the momentary amusements of the inmates. Couture's studio will serve as the type of Parisian studios. The "life-school," for his pupils, is in a large room, in an out-of-the-way portion of the city, filled with students from every corner of the globe, smoking, whistling, singing, and swearing; some industriously at work, with shirt-sleeves rolled up; and others standing with their hands thrust lazily into their great-coat pockets, staring over the top of a forest of easels, at the model, who disrobes herself with perfect sang-froid, in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke.

"The private studio of Couture is a fine, lofty room, filled with gigantic, half-completed pictures, gold frames, immense easels, and all the paraphernalia of a studio. A favorite student, an American, with clear, bright eyes, and well-marked nose, is engaged in painting a study of the head of a beautiful little child, while Couture—a short, well-dressed, active man, who looks like a *bon vivant*—kneels on the carpet, divested of his coat, and rapidly produces a bold sketch of the same child, filling the intervals of work by playfully poking it to keep it from sleeping, or eagerly urging its mother to ply it with more cake, for the same purpose, then whistles a scrap from Lucrezia Borgia, in the most artistic manner, regardless of a scented fop, who lolls on a sofa, resting from the exhaustion induced by the exertion of attempting, for a moment, to look animated and enthusiastic."—*Rambles and Reveries of an Art-Student.*